



AN ISLAND OF FLOWERS.

An English Artist's Impressions of Ceylon.

Following in the wake of all "passengers," I fell desperately in love with Ceylon at first sight. Be careful, I implore you, to note the fact that I have called myself a "passenger." In India when they desired to give me a polite snubbing they hinted that I was a "globe trotter," but here in this island of sun and spices, of deposed coffee and fragrant cinnamon and health-preserving quinine, here where the foliage and the flowers are so dominant, assertive and irrepressible that you seem to see them grow before your eyes like Jack's beanstalk of immortal memory, here where they thrust upon the meek and guileless visitor supplies of color, and indifferent rubies and melancholy moonstones, and "cat's paws" with cat-paws on them, the traders "wink the other eye" and call us "passengers."

And why did I fall in love with Ceylon at first sight? You will ask. Was it burning Colombo and its picturesque harbor and breakwater basking in a tropical sun? Was it the curious spectacle of the men with long hair twisted into knots at the head like headless women and proud of their baby-top knot combs of light-yellow tortoise-shell? Was it the first introduction to a "rickshaw," alias child's go-cart, skidding along the damp, hot streets, propelled by half-naked coolies with backs as muscular as grey-hounds and feet as hard as nails? Was it the low, coconut-planted shore, with its fringe of deep green, its yellow sands and purple waters, where stands the lovely Mount Lavinia and its famous hotel, dedicated to fish-luncheons Saturday, to Monday outings, and honeymoons? Was it the intoxicating scent of flowers in every street, garden, lodge, an plantation, the trumpet-shaped lily blooms staring the greenest and tallest trees, the crimson hibiscus, swarming over every hedge, the "shot flowers" of every imaginable shape and hue that makes the humblest of bungalows a paradise? Was it the smiling faces of the peacocking Tamils who ride on their mothers' hips in preference to "picnicking"? Was it the sudden change from solemn and ancient India to pleasantness, peace and prosperity? I know not. Perhaps only a combination of those new experiences.

I should like to be able to describe to you the curious, damp, tropical heat of Colombo as I felt it that first evening in search of friendship by the summer lake. You can experience it yourself if you take the trouble to go to the hot-house of the botanical gardens or to the palm house at Kew. It is a moist, dew-dripping, exhausting heat that half stifles, and does not wholly depress. This is the heat that makes the coconut flourish and the banana bloom; this is the heat that makes a forest of all the grass land, and gives a jungle for the rogne elephant and the cat-like leopard. This is the heat that makes the tea bush "flush" and the coffee plant burst into berry. This is the heat that is only assuaged by a daily downpour of tropical rain that turns the courses into cataracts; moisture as persistent and sun as powerful as this make the whole of Ceylon from north to south bud and blossom and throb with vegetation and animal life. It suits the flowers, which are far lovelier here than elsewhere in the world, since Ceylon is a hot-house without a glass roof, it suits the birds of gorgeous plumage, and sublime confidence, who fly in at my bedroom window every morning and share my modest repast; it suits the sportsmen who destroy, be it the "taskless elephant" in the dangerous jungle, the stag and antelope on the mountain ridge or the jack saps in the low-lying, irrigated paddy field. It suits the jovial, good-natured planter, who has taken heart of grace after the failure of the coffee crop, and is making a little fortune out of his Ceylon tea, backed up with sugar and spice and all that's nice for the storehouse cupboard; and, on the whole, it suits admirably well the poor passenger who comes out to Ceylon in search of health and general information. For you must remember that Colombo at Lavinia and Kew, it is very hospitable and pleasant, but you must halt there for awhile, and not remain a fixture in this hot-house. You must come up the pure fresh air, mountain railway, into the wonderful air, away past Kandy, with its sacred Buddhist relics; away to the lily garden of Novera Elipsa, where the scenery is as beautiful as the Engadine, where the air is pure as at St. Moritz, and the hotel as cozy as any at Portofino.

I am not so sure that I did not see a few miles out of Delhi the other day one of the most extraordinary diving feats ever accomplished. A native, at the imminent risk of his life, made an eighty-foot "heel dive" down a narrow well, and, not content with that, plunged off the topmost roof of a lofty temple into a tank of water. The amusement at Lavinia and Kew, it is very hazardous a kind as that, but only consist of the marvelous hand-over-hand swimming of the native boys, who will go up and pluck you a coconut from the tallest palm ever grown. And so, if you care to do it, you can select your own nut from your particular tree, and under that same tree drink the milk, and, if you are in the digestion masticate the contents of the shell. But since I have been in Ceylon I have experienced a far more wonderful sensation than that. I have plucked a fresh green tea leaf in the early morning on one of the up-country tea estate of mountainous Ceylon. I have seen it deposited in a bag, and stood at the edge of a lofty precipice as the tea bag with my leaf in it went whirling down on a wire thousands of feet into space, to arrive eventually at the factory, there to be dried, curled, pressed, and turned from fresh flush to leaves and a bud—into a tea for the table. And I have before the close of day drank a cup of tea made out of my plucked tea leaf.—Clement Scott, in London Telegraph.

A wedding notice in a Maine paper the other day ended with the words, "No cards, no cake, nobody's business."

A contradictory woman. Mrs. Limbertouque (after a quarrel)—You are a brute! I never want to see your face again. I'm going home to my mother, and I hope you'll never have any luck as long as you live.

Mr. Limbertouque—Ah! Then you have already changed your mind and will not go home.—Texas Siftings.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA.

Her Strange Career Once More in Everybody's Mouth.

As Careless of Her Good Name Now as She Was in the Days of Her Power—Her Life Drawing to a Close.

From Paris comes the news that Isabella II., the exiled queen of Spain, now in her sixty-third year, has taken another favorite, a Hungarian, young and presumably good looking, and that he exercises a wonderful influence over her. The occasion for the publication of this news lies in the fact that this Hungarian, assuming upon his influence, has dared to insult Infanta Eulalia and other members of the royal family of Spain, thus causing a bitter dispute between Isabella and her royal relatives.

The life of this remarkable queen is drawing to a close. It is scarcely twenty years since the eyes of the world have been turned upon her, and in those years she has been forgotten. But now the mind finds itself dwelling upon that page of history of more than two decades ago when Isabella fled from Spain, forsaking her throne and power, and upon those scenes of moral wickedness which in that day horrified all Europe. Born in the most illustrious court of modern Europe, in an atmosphere of domestic peace, surrounded by debauched throne-hunters and unscrupulous schemers, reared by a mother whose sins were committed almost before the daughter's eyes, the ardent nature of Spain glowed in Isabella's eyes and betrayed those intense emotions of love and jealousy and hate which swayed her heart. She never knew the felicity of domestic peace and happiness. Her life has been a succession of moods of passion, each one of which brought its own unhappiness.

In her youthfulness Isabella for a number of years carried on her love affairs with some discretion, avoiding the openness which characterized her mother's misdoings. But as she grew older she flung restraint and decorum to the winds and abandoned herself to the profligate life which she has led, more or less openly, ever since. One of her earliest favorites was Marshal Francisco Serrano.

Other lovers succeeded Serrano. Their royal mistress flattered, rewarded and dismissed them, and the women of the court kept good pace. Thus Isabella reigned and thus she reigned, amazing the world, disgusting her subjects, for thirty-five long years, until the people of Madrid arose and the queen was compelled to flee to France. Most surprising it is that these Madrid people were not so much excited by the immoralities of their sovereign as they were indignant at the character of her politics. The ministers of Isabella had contrived to outrage their feelings, and in the revolution that followed Isabella was deposed. She crossed the Pyrenees by night and proceeded to Paris, where Louis Napoleon welcomed her. Her son, Alfonso, accompanied her, and on June 25, 1870, Isabella renounced her claim to the throne in his favor. After Spain had resumed its tranquillity, and had found that a monarchy was the only form of government it could understand, Alfonso returned to Madrid, to be hailed with joy and crowned king of Spain. After eight years of exile, Isabella in 1876 returned to Spain and was received at Santander by her son, the king. But as the ministry feared her and the people did not want her she was not permitted to remain. So she returned to Paris and there she lives to-day. Her son died, and his son, a pious child, now seven years old, is his most Catholic majesty, the king of Spain.

Now Isabella lives in Paris, surrounded by a few of the grandees of Spain, who have remained true to her. The world hears little of her, save when a scandal momentarily stirs up that quiet exile.

Ghosts Are Very Old, Too. It has been the current opinion for centuries that places of burial are haunted, especially after nightfall, with specters, ghosts and other apparitions. Persons who have investigated this matter declare that the ghost idea was prevalent before the building of the pyramids, and that the self on record as believing that spirits occasionally left their sepulchers and wandered about seeking whom they might devour.

Small Horses or a Big One. The geologists tell us that the orobippus, the ancestor of the noble horse of to-day, was but little larger than the common rabbit of to-day, and that each had 10 toes, four on each foot, the same as the cattle of to-day. After the lapse of ages this 10-toed equus shed a toe or hoof from each foot and thus became a 12-toed animal. The 10-toed variety are first found in the eocene period of geological epochs.

Heads of Executed Persons. The heads of persons beheaded for state offenses were formerly exposed to view upon long poles on London bridge. The last head so exhibited was that of Vener, the fifth monarchy zealot, beheaded in the reign of Charles II.

A Big Check. The two men were at the hotel table. "That's a pretty girl over there," said the first.

"Which one?"

"That one with the big check in her dress."

"She must be rich," was the next answer, and the second man stupidly wondered what relevancy the remark bore until an hour or so later he began to comprehend the relation between riches and big checks.—Detroit Free Press.

The Truth of Observation. Frank—What reason have you for asserting that Love isn't blind? May—Well, I've noticed that his blindest smiles are all for the prettiest girls.—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

ALEXANDER W. TERRELL.

The Gentleman, Recently Appointed to the Turkish Mission.

Alexander W. Terrell, the new envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Turkey, was born in Patrick county, Va., November 3, 1829. His parents were both of native birth, of English and German descent respectively. The family removed to Missouri in 1833, where Judge Terrell received his education, graduating from the University of Missouri. He then took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar at St. Joseph in 1849. Four years



JUDGE ALEXANDER W. TERRELL.

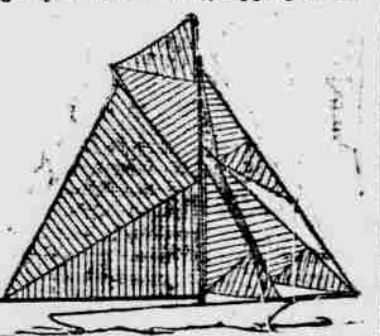
later he moved to Austin, Tex., and since that time has continued to reside in that state. In 1857 the young man was elected judge of the Second judicial district, and filled the post with honor. Judge Terrell was in sympathy with the movement for secession, but took no active part in the proceedings owing to his position on the bench. Upon expiration of his term of office, however, he entered the confederate army as lieutenant colonel of the Thirty-fourth Texas cavalry. He became colonel later, and at the close of the war commanded a brigade. After a short residence in Houston he returned to Austin, where he now is. Judge Terrell was twice elected to the state senate of Texas and made a brilliant record. He has long been a prominent man in the state, and is regarded as a speaker of force and an earnest student of political economy. During the late campaign Judge Terrell made many able speeches in support of the democratic candidates.

DIAGONAL YACHT SAILS.

An English Invention Which Makes Stretching Impossible.

Yachtmen will no doubt be interested in a new diagonal sail which has recently been patented in England. Dixon Kemp, in speaking of the new invention, among other things says: "There is no doubt that one of the chief bothers of yacht sailing is the stretching and taking up of sails, but stretching is the worst, and nothing is more annoying in racing than a sail which has grown too large for the spars. The balking has been pretty well got over, and the sail now sets as flat as the proverbial card, but the stretching is as bad as ever. Until the sail area rule offering came into use this was not of much consequence, as the spars could be made longer than the edges of the sail to allow for stretching, but now that every inch is measured, the sail must cover the spars from end to end from starting, and little or nothing can be allowed for stretching.

"Diagonal sails were patented years ago by Matthew Orr, Kipping & Pit-



NEW DIAGONAL SAIL.

tard, and their plans are still in use, but none of them hit on the arrangement of cloths as just patented. In the new patent it is claimed that, by their arrangement, the sails can be made to fit from the start, and will stand as well at first as at any subsequent period. This also means that the sails do not require a continual stretching to get them into shape, and that they will not afterward stretch out of shape. The principal stretching takes place in the direction of the warp lengthwise of the cloths, while there is very little stretching in the direction of the weft, the threads which cross the warp. The shrinkage in the direction of the weft is also much less than in the direction of the warp. By the new arrangement of cloths the weft runs parallel to the foot of the leech, and they claim that the arrangement is suitable for all descriptions of fore-and-aft sails.

It is whispered that some of the big English mowers now under course of construction will be fitted with sails of this description, and if this is so the owners of the cup defender should not be caught napping.

Colored Social Distinctions.

A man who has lived among the negroes and observed their ways declares that there are no people who pride themselves on their social rank as they do. In the same tenement it is possible to find all grades—"bow-down nigger," "common nigger," "gentleman nigger" and "yeller feller," to quote their own nomenclature. The differences are apparently traditional. At all events they are not such as a casual white observer can detect. They usually respect white people, but they look at "yellow folks" (mulattoes) as rather inferior to blacks of pure blood.

English Emigrants.

During the last fifty years more than 9,000,000 people have emigrated from England, of whom 10 per cent. have returned.

A Convenient Accomplishment.

Mrs. Henry Daly—Why, Bridget, I didn't know you could write! Bridget (proudly)—Yes, mum. Me writin' has got me money a place. Me writin' has got me money a place. Me writin' has got me money a place.

The Truth of Observation.

Frank—What reason have you for asserting that Love isn't blind? May—Well, I've noticed that his blindest smiles are all for the prettiest girls.—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

MRS. THOMAS W. PALMER.

The Wife of the President of the World's Fair.

A Lady Who Bears the Honors of Her Position Gracefully and Hospitably—Her Interesting Family and Ancestry.

A woman doing her part in the great work of the World's Columbian exposition with great credit to herself and the nation is Mrs. Thomas W. Palmer, whose husband, ex-Senator Thomas W. Palmer, has the position of president of the World's Columbian exposition.

Mrs. Palmer came from Maine, the state which claims the statesman James G. Blaine as its own, and she boasts that the blood of Gov. Winslow, of Massachusetts, flows in her veins, as well as that of the Winthrop and the Sullivans, of Boston.

Mrs. Palmer's special work is to uphold the dignity of her husband's position. She has traveled extensively and has a list of acquaintances, second in size, perhaps, to that of no other woman now in Chicago. When Senator Palmer was appointed minister to Spain by President Harrison, Mrs. Palmer accompanied him to that country and kept open house in a manner sufficiently delightful to impress the idea of American hospitality indelibly upon the Spanish mind. And during her long term in Washington, as the wife of the United States senator from Michigan, she also entertained a great deal.

Mrs. Palmer's maiden name was Elizabeth Pitts Inverill. And, by the oddest freak of fortune in the world,



MRS. THOMAS W. PALMER.

her grandaunt, Elizabeth Pitts Bowdin, was also the wife of a minister to Spain, being in that country in 1804—just eighty-five years before the present Mrs. Elizabeth Pitts Palmer went there also as the wife of a minister to Spain.

The brightest member of Mrs. Palmer's family, according to her ideas and also those of the senator, is their youngest child, Higinio Palobacion. Higinio was adopted in Spain, while Mr. Palmer was minister there, and by legislation he is now a legal child of the Palmer family. He is a handsome little fellow, very Spanish in appearance, and is always dressed in the costume of the children of his native country.

At Saratoga last summer Higinio was much admired by the fashionable summer guests assembled at that watering place, and, as Mrs. Palmer declared, it was absolutely necessary to leave Saratoga or Higinio would become a little grandee long before his time.

Mrs. Palmer is a member of many societies and clubs and is active in all works, charitable and philanthropic, of the fair.

FAVORS THE CHINESE.

Senator Stanford Surprises the Coast by Denouncing Geary's.

Some local surprises have been caused at San Francisco, Cal., by Senator Stanford's denunciation of Chinese exclusion or restriction and of the Geary law. He said: "It is a serious thing to throw any impediment in the way of our Chinese trade. There should never have been a restriction law passed in the first place, and the Geary law which has followed is an outrage. I did not oppose it, for it appeared that some of the people wanted it. I will admit that at one time I had some fears of the Chinese overrunning this country, but for some years I have had none. We need the Chinese here to



THOMAS J. GEARY, M. C.

Author of the Chinese Registration Law.

work in our fields, vineyards and orchards, and to gather our fruit and do the common labor of our country. I do not know what we would do without them, and I undertake to say that they are the most quiet, industrious and altogether commendable class of foreigners who come here. There is no other class so quick to learn and so faithful, and who can do the kind of work we have for them to do. I am persuaded, too, notwithstanding all that has been said about the majority of the people being opposed to the Chinese, that they are not opposed to them. It is only the few."

Not a Football Player.

Herr Pianewski—Here is a thing I can't understand. This narrative says that Sampson's great strength was in his hair.

Frau Pianewski—Well? Herr Pianewski—And yet he was never a pianist in his life.—Chicago Record.

"THE POT CALLED THE KETTLE BLACK."

BECAUSE THE HOUSEWIFE DIDN'T USE

SAPOLIO

A SUPERIOR CANINE.

The Guardian of the Express Wagon Is Not a Common Dog.

The dog on the express wagon is not the every day sort of a dog one meets in other walks of life. He is employed for a special kind of service, and, like the ideal specialist, he knows his business. He may have learned it by hard experience. A rope's end may have stimulated him on occasions to renewed zeal in his involuntary vocation. The hard realities of life may have been impressed on him by the hand of fate, which is not always velvet. He may have often envied his canine friends, whose lack of vocation gave them greater freedom, and longed to wander beyond the narrow confines of his daily prison, but his frolicsome tendencies and his proneness to stray have been curbed by his relentless master, until he has learned to regard freedom from care, the right to frolic and the privilege of idleness as beneath the dignity and serious purpose of life. When the express dog has reached this goal of his master's ambition, when in the course of evolution he is no longer frivolous and eccentric in his habits, and is no longer the creature of circumstance, but has reacted a plane upon which he can look down upon the average dog and inspire in the breast of the tramp and the thief a sentiment of awe and respect, then the express dog becomes invaluable.

A Journal man, who knows a good horse when he sees him, and always has an eye alert for a good one, passed the other day on the curbstone to admire a magnificent animal hitched to an American express wagon. Involuntarily he endeavored to examine the beast at close range, as he stood there waiting for the blockade in the street to break, and was unconsciously about to place his hand on the horse's haunches, when he was recalled from the land of dreams to that of sober reality by the movement of a bull terrier, which had up to this moment been a quiet spectator of the newspaper man's movements. The driver of the horse did not resent the intended friendly advance, but this dog did. He did not bark, nor did he show his teeth, but his whole manner indicated his sense of responsibility, and the reporter did not care to express his admiration for the horse at close range. He felt entirely satisfied that there was a good horse and a good dog attached to that wagon. Not long ago a reputable citizen, while passing the Adams express office, became interested in conversation with a friend and unconsciously leaned up against one of the express wagons, and, resting his elbow on the edge of the wagon, was about to enjoy a "lean-to," when the express dog resented the familiarity by grabbing his arm, and refused to loosen his grip until his master came to the rescue.—Boston Journal.

Generally.

Upon Downies—What is this? "A

Great Sacrifice Sale of Clothing." I

wonder what is sacrificed?

Round de Bout—Truth, of course.—

Truth.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

M. W. LEVY, Pres.

A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres

STATEMENT

Of the Condition of the

Wichita National Bank

Made to the Comptroller of Currency

at the Close of Business,

May 4th, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts, \$628,483.46

Bonds and Stocks, 21,301.81

U. S. Bonds, 50,000.00

Real Estate, 65,000.00

Due from U. S., 2,250.00

Overdrafts, 1,186.18

Cash and Exchange, 215,864.78

\$984,086.23

LIABILITIES.

Capital, \$250,000.00

Surplus, 50,000.00

Undivided Profits, 1,774.85

Circulation, 45,000.00

Deposits, 637,311.38

\$984,086.23

Correct, C. A. WALKER, Cashier.

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L. D. SKINNER, Cashier.

W. H. LAWSON, Assistant Cashier.

State National Bank.

OF WICHITA, KAN.

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SURPLUS, 100,000

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W. Allen, P. V. Henry, B. Leonard, Jr., A. B.

Fahrigan, L. D. Skinner, James L. Leonard.

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